HISTORIC CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The old churches of New England are rich in stories that show the brave spirit of colonial days. The earliest edifices combined military features with the ecclesiastical, and while the parson preached with his musket leaning against the pulpit, sentinels stood at the door ready to give warning of Indians. The blunderbuses of the men-worshippers stood stacked in the center of the aisle, and the reserve supply of powder for the colony was stored in the loft overhead. This place was selected as the magazine, because there were no fires in the early churches, it being taken as a sign of spiritual weakening if one should grow cold while at devotions. Sometimes these churches became real fortresses, and it was no unusual thing to see wolves' heads nailed to the walls by successful trophy-hunters. The law in New England required that all houses be built within a certain distance of the church, an arrangement that guaranteed mutual protection and brought all members of the town in reach of the drum-beats that summoned the men to church or to war.

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The Church of the Pilgrimage at Plymouth, Mass., stands to-day on the site of the one where Miles Standish worshipped so long ago, and up whose aisle he strode in his mud-stained clothing only to see the lovely Priscilla made the wife of John Alden. In the old church Roger Williams preached before he was sent away to a life of exile among the Indians, and from the same old church William Bradford went out with an exploring party one day to be caught ingloriously in an Indian deer trap. The old cemetery where the dead were buried, and where wheat was sown so that the Indians might not see how many of the congregation had died, has been robbed by the sea in its encroachments on the land. The site and name of this historic church date back to 1840.

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Centre Church, at New Haven, Conn., was built by the Episcopalians in 1640, when bullets were used as legitimate currency, and when drum-beats called the hours for matins and evensong. A new house was built in 1670, and here for a while preached William Hooke, a man of stern religious convictions, who left the colony to become chaplain to Cromwell when the Commonwealth supplanted the court of Charles in England. Hooke was the first man to suggest the founding of Yale College, giving his home lot for the perpetual maintenance of a teaching officer, or schoolmaster. It has been used ever since as the home of the rectors or presidents of Yale.

This church was the one which had greatest sympathy for Cromwell, and here were supported and protected Whalley and Goffe, two of the regicides responsible for the death of Charles I. One James Davids also came to dwell in the town and attend the church, a peaceable likable fellow about whom there was always an air of mystery. This was explained when he died, for he was none other than John Dixwell, the third regicide. When the present edifice was erected in 1814 it was necessary to extend it over the graveyard, and there are now 139 graves in the crypt, among them being that of Benedict Arnold's first wife. The communion service still in use was given by Queen Anne.

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When Philadelphia was the capital of the United States the churches there had many conspicuous figures in their congregations. Washington and Adams went to worship in Christ Church, and for many years Benjamin Franklin had a pew there. Part of the church dates back to 1727, and part of the communion service now in use was given by good Queen Anne, the almoner to America, where communion services were concerned. The oldest church in the Quaker City is the Church of the Gloria Dei, generally known as Old Swedes Church, the present edifice having been dedicated in 1700. St. Peter's, completed in 1761, keeps guard over the dust of Commodore Decatur, in its churchyard, and at St. Paul's, a church almost as old, Edwin Forrest is buried.

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St. Paul's, in Kent County, Md., has the same walls that were erected in 1713, though the church dates back to 1633, and the communion service is the same that was given by Col. Thomas Smythe in 1699. At St. Luke's, Wye, an East Shore church, the records show the interest taken by members of the King's household, for a large part of the building fund was given by Col. Tighlman, whose wife was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Henrietta Maria. Trinity Church, in Dorchester County, Md., is one of the many early churches built of brick from England, the brick making excellent ballast for ships that had taken over tobacco from Maryland and Virginia. Queen Anne gave the Bible and books to the church, and these are still preserved, as is also a cushion said to have been used by her majesty at her coronation.

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"Old Green Hill Church" (St. Bartholomew's), is another old Maryland church, having been built in 1733. It has the distinction of having had the same rector for sixty-five consecutive years, the Rev. Alexander Adams, coming in 1794 and remaining until his death in 1769, being then ninety years old. Christ Church, Chaptico, St. Marys County, was built in 1684, and shortly before the war had a membership of slaves so great that the black communicants were four times as many as the white. This church is said to have been designed by none other than Sir Christopher Wren himself, the architect of St. Paul's, London. In this church is buried an eccentric old colonist who requested that he be "planted in an upright position."

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Down on Carter's Creek, Virginia, near the Rappahannock, a wilderness shades the walls of the old church where "King" Carter worshipped, and where the haughty old Mme. Carter lies buried at her request, under the floor on the "poor side," that those whom she had looked down on in life might walk over her in death, thus proving her humility of spirit.

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In contrast to the churches of the East, are the Franciscan Missions, which were built along the western coast of California, between 1769 and 1823. These old piles of adobe and stone are like leaves from the book of some Old World tale. Father Junipero walked all the way from Mexico City to San Diego, lame as he was, believing work founded on such suffering would surely endure. There are twenty-three missions in all, making a chain a day's journey apart from San Francisco to the Mexican boundary line. Around these spread farms and vineyards, where the Indians were taught the arts of civilization as well as the articles of faith. Within their hospitable walls guests and weary travelers found a welcome as hearty and entertainment as good as any offered by an Old World hospice.

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St. Mark's, New York, stands on the site of a chapel built by Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors. The Church of the Transfiguration, dear to the world of player-folk as "The Little Church Around the Corner," is a low Gothic building in a quiet lot just off Fifth avenue on Twenty-ninth street, and is reached by a lych-gate that opens in a court shaded with great trees. Many years ago Joseph Jefferson went to the pastor of a famous Madison avenue church and asked his services for the funeral of George Holland, the veteran actor who had just died. The haughty clergyman refused, but suggested that they might be accommodated at "The Little Church Around the Corner." To this church Jefferson went, the rector officiated at the funeral, and since then the weddings and baptisms and funerals of the people of stageland are considered best when held at this quaint and democratic church.

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Washington, D. C., is rich in historic churches, or those in which the great people of the nation have gathered. The oldest one near the city is known as St. Paul's, of Rock Creek parish. It was built in 1719 of brick brought from England, and the old walls are still retained by the proud worshippers, though it was remodeled forty years ago. Very old graves are there, and one of the old headstones is pitted with minie balls. Christ Church, near the navy yard, is the next oldest, having been built in 1795, five years before the government took possession of the National Capital. Presidents Jefferson and Madison attended services there, and pew No. 1 was given President Monroe when he came into office. He and his family are said to have attended morning service almost every Sunday. The Congressional burial ground adjoins this, and here lie many men who have been prominent in the legislative and executive affairs of the nation.

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Old South Church, Boston, was built in 1670, and the present edifice in 1729. It was from this building that the men marched out to that fatal meeting with the British, known as the Boston massacre. It was the governors' church for a while, and enjoys the reputation of having been so sternly ruled that the wives and daughters of the founders were not admitted to membership for five years. It was desecrated by the British in 1775-6, the pews being taken out to make a pigstye, and Burgoyne's men turning the body of the building into a riding school.

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The first church in St. Mark's parish, in Virginia, was built and equipped by Gen. Sir Alexander Spottswood, governor of Virginia and founder of the only American order of knighthood, "the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." It was built chiefly for the use of the colony of German miners and iron workers who settled at the village of Germana. To Gov. Spottswood belongs the honor of building and operating the first iron furnace in America, the workmen having been secured for him by Queen Anne, at the request of Baron De Graffenreid, who had visited Spottswood on his way from Georgia to England, after the Indians had made it too warm for him. Col. Byrd, of Westover, makes mention of the church and the "castle" of the governor. In his writings he also tells of the wonderful pier-glass mirrors that his excellency's wife had brought from England at great expense, and how one of these was broken by a pet deer which wandered into the drawing-room and was moved to fight his own reflection.

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To-morrow—Historic Churches.

FROM MINIMUM TO MAXIMUM.

BY WILLIAM F. BRYAN.

Out of the night came the sound of galloping hoofs and the staccato bark of small arms. Little Bradley, who had arrived at the Shaw ranch that evening on his first visit West, promptly dropped under the billard table. The others, to whom it was an old story, glanced out of the window and went on with their game.

"Looks like a part of the B 4 outfit," remarked Callendar, carelessly, as he chalked his cue. "Come on out, Bradley, they're merely some joyous, cowpunching souls on their evening out. Going down to the Palace, I imagine."

Bradley, red both from exertion and chagrin, emerged from beneath the table and picked up his cue. "I thought that people out here had quit those fool tricks," he explained, his teeth still chattering.

"They have, except for special occasions. But when they do turn loose they generally give us a salute in passing."

"The Palace is that drinking place down the road?"

"Just that. You see," explained Callendar, "when Col. Shaw bought his ranch there was one quarter section he could not get hold of; owned by a stubborn brute of a fellow who would not let go. That was the foundation of the town of Minimum."

"Funny name," commented Bradley.

"That's why they took it. The original holder has been dead some years now, but the town goes on. You see, it's nearer the mines by ten miles than the railroad town, and between the miners and the cowboys, things are kept lively.

"They don't like the colonel because he objects to the hell-holes they run, almost at his door, and when things are mussed up, they generally ride past and give us a salute. It's only once or twice that the shots have come through. As a rule they fire into the air."

Some one called Bradley to make his shot, and the matter was not again taken up until late that evening, when Bradley and his host sat chatting in the smoking room, and the guest good-naturedly told the story of his fright.

"I'd give half a million to have that collection of dives moved away," said Col. Shaw, bitterly. "I suppose when the railroad comes it will be still worse."

"The L. C. L. cutoff?" asked Bradley. "Are they coming through here?"

"Right past the town," assented the colonel. "I think I shall have to give up the idea of living here. I had hoped to buy up all the land and have the finest place around here in my old age."

"How much are you really willing to spend?" demanded Bradley. "I mean business."

"And I meant the half-million. I offered old Pete $300,000 for the quarter before the town grew up, when he just had a little saloon down in one corner."

Bradley gravely put out a hand so white and slender that men seldom anticipated the strength of his grip. "I'll do it, and make a profit in the end," he announced.

Col. Shaw shook hands gravely enough, but he smiled beneath his heavy mustache. A six-footer himself, he had all the big man's contempt for the little fellow. How could Bradley, with his five feet seven, conquer, where his six feet two had failed?

But he rather liked Bradley, in spite of his handicap of size. Of course, he was impossible for a suitor for Nancy's hand, though personally he was a good sort of chap.

The following morning Bradley strolled down to the Palace for a drink, and in ten minutes he had picked up an acquaintance with the proprietor. That evening at the dinner table his announcement that he found Pete Buckley rather a companionable sort of chap created an even greater sensation than had his performance of the night before.

"He didn't throw you out?" cried Col. Shaw, in amazement.

"Not a bit of it," said Bradley, comfortably, blissfully ignorant of the fact that the colonel himself had been subjected to that indignity, as well as all and sundry of his previous guests, who had strayed into the Palace. "We had a couple of bottles of champagne, and quite a long chat."

All of the guests were regarding Bradley curiously, but that did not affect Bradley. He was chatting with Nancy, and he did not even hear the colonel's muttered explanation:

"He was so little they were ashamed to hurt him."

Bradley's visit was the first of several during the week, and when he started back to town it was with a bottle of "Buckley's Best" (which was very bad, indeed) in his traveling bag, and a hearty send-off from the "regulars."

He was back again in a couple of weeks, and the colonel regarded curiously the smile of contentment that played about his lips when Minimum was mentioned. Bradley refused to divulge any of his plans, and diverted discussion by the announcement that the L. C. L. had decided to run the line three miles farther to the south.

The statement was received with incredulity until Bradley pointed out the advantages to be gained, and the colonel sighed contentedly. Not only would the line leave his property untouched, but Minimum would not be a railroad town.

Down at Minimum the news was received with less placidity. Buckley promptly decided that it was the colonel's work, and was for immediate extermination of his neighbor. Only Bradley's arguments induced him to abandon the plan, and when his excitement had cooled somewhat he and Bradley went into executive session.

That evening as Bradley strolled into dinner the smile had broadened and he looked pityingly at young Callendar, who was generally supposed to be the colonel's choice for a son-in-law.

It was when the others had gone off to play billiards that he dropped into the library, where the colonel sat writing.

"It's going to cost you about $36,000 and two half sections of good land," he announced. "Will that be all right?"

"Which half sections?" queried the colonel.

Bradley indicated them on the map.

"I'll deed them to you to-morrow," agreed the colonel. "How did you do it?"

"Sympathized with Buckley," explained Bradley. "Told him it was a shame that the line of the road was transferred south (without explaining that it took me a week to argue my uncle into changing the route, Uncle Jim's president of the road, you know). Then I pointed out that we could get some land to the south where we could spread out as we never could in Minimum, and I undertook to induce you to give up the land.

"Then I volunteered the promise that you would duplicate the town buildings on the new site as a bonus and Buckley gets the extra quarter section for more town lots. He's so profoundly grateful that he wants to take me in as a partner."

"And all this has taken you less than three weeks," said the colonel, admiringly. "Why, man, I've worked for twelve years to get that quarter section."

"'By force alone ye shall not conquer,'" quoted Bradley softly. "Even we little fellows have our uses, colonel. I guess I'll see if there's a chance to get into the game in the billiard room. We can fix up the titles and the contracts in the morning."

He strolled out, but the colonel did not resume his work. He wheeled about, staring into the fire.

It was a twelve-mile drive to the county seat where the papers were recorded, and as they drove home in the twilight of the next evening, the colonel reined his horse in front of Minimum. Across the front of the Palace was an oilcloth sign, which read:

On or before July 1
This hull town will
Remove
to
Maximum
Three miles down the road.

"My name," chuckled Bradley, as the horses moved on. "Suppose we celebrate the Fourth by making a bonfire of the town?"

"That'll be a good site for you to build when you marry Nancy," chuckled the colonel. "That is, if you still want her."

"If?" echoed Bradley. "It was to gain her that I worked so hard."

"You've earned her," assured the colonel. "I'm proud of you, my boy."

A Charming Morning Gown

The supreme successes of Mistress Fashion would seem to be in the realm of negligees and house gowns, so graceful and altogether fascinating are they. One which is developed in challies, but quite as dainty in dimity or an Oriental silk, is sketched as a suggestion to the home sewer. The front and back are box plaited to bust depth so that a pretty fullness is provided for the portions below. A most becoming collar lends a broad shoulder line, while the sleeves may be in full or shorter length. The pattern for this gown is especially recommended, as it can be used for a dressing sack of similar style as well as for the long gown. The high neck is also provided for when desired. The medium size calls for 7 yards of 36-inch material for the gown and 4 yards for the sack.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2467) and size wanted.

HEROINE OF THE WAR.

How a Young Woman Discovered the Enemy to Win a Bet.

From the Springfield Republican.

In Albion, N. Y., still lives a heroine of the civil war, but quite forgotten by an ungrateful people, who give to the widows of Gens. Logan and McKinley handsome pensions, though they did nothing; while Jennie Curtis, who risked her life, lives on in poor circumstances. Her story is this: In the summer of 1861, after the battle of Bull Run, Miss Curtis went to Washington to nurse her brother, George D. Curtis, who was reported as badly wounded. She was a guest at the house of a Mr. Pierce. Everybody wondered where the Confederates lay, but none wished the dangerous quest. Miss Curtis, then twenty-one, laid a wager of a pair of gloves that she could find the enemy, an army officer took up the bet, and the next morning she, accompanied by a private of the name of Eldridge, and a girl friend, rode away, having a pass from Gen. Scott which allowed her and her servant to go in and out of the Union lines as she pleased. On the way she met Gen. McDowell, who threatened her with arrest unless she turned back, but she rode on.

At Falls Church, seven miles south of Washington, she was pursued by a squad of Confederate cavalry, and realizing that her capture with the pass would mean death to her soldier escort, since the pass was issued only for herself and servant, she chewed up and swallowed the paper. Along the route she met many Union soldiers suffering from fatigue and hunger, and spent every dollar she possessed in ministering to their needs. But she was in the enemy's country now, and escape was out of the question, and at last her capture was effected. She was taken to Richmond and held for thirty days as a prisoner, being the first woman prisoner of war. Eldridge, the soldier, was sent to Libby prison for a year, and died later because of his privations. Nothing was proved against Miss Curtis, and she was finally released, and until the war ended she acted as nurse to sick and wounded soldiers. But that is long ago, and her bravery and devotion is a tale forgotten. Her daring, her years spent in military hospitals, are as nothing. An account of her deeds has lately been published in an Albion paper.